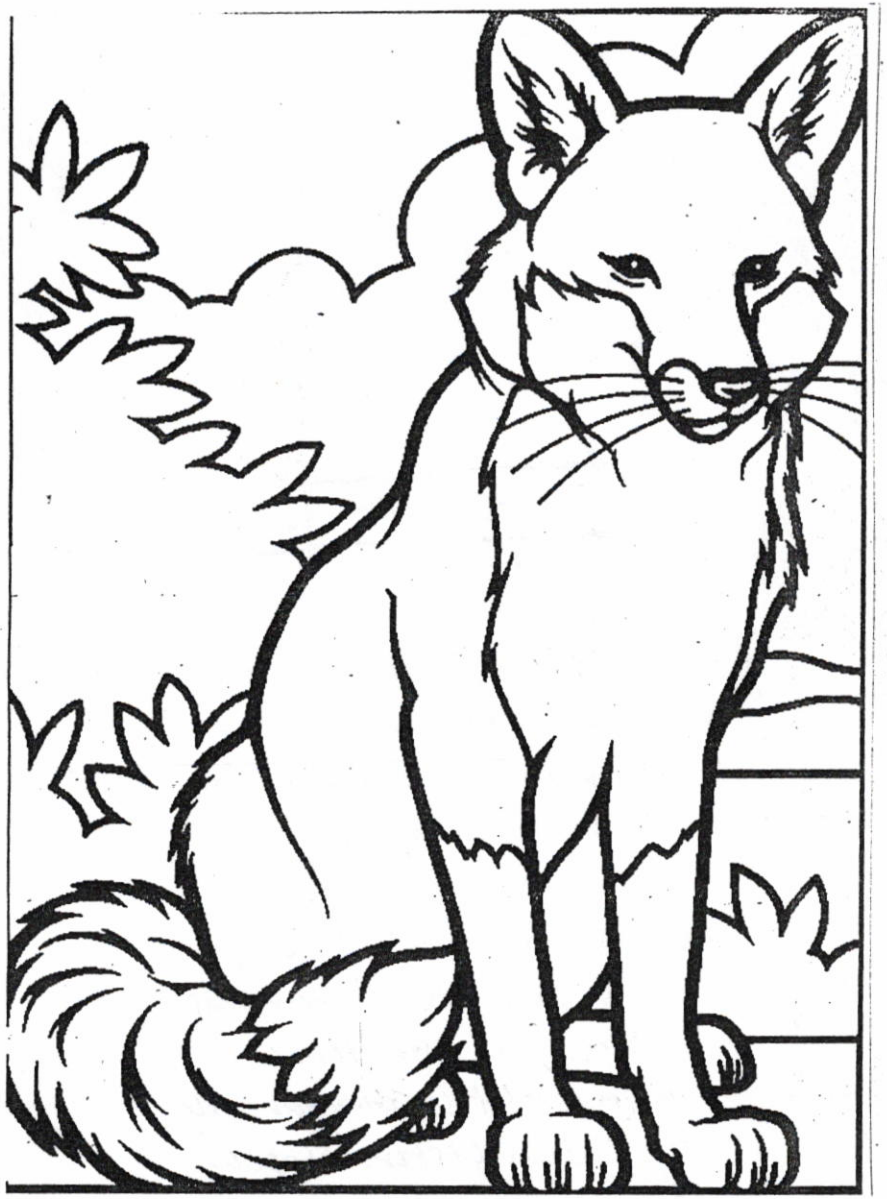


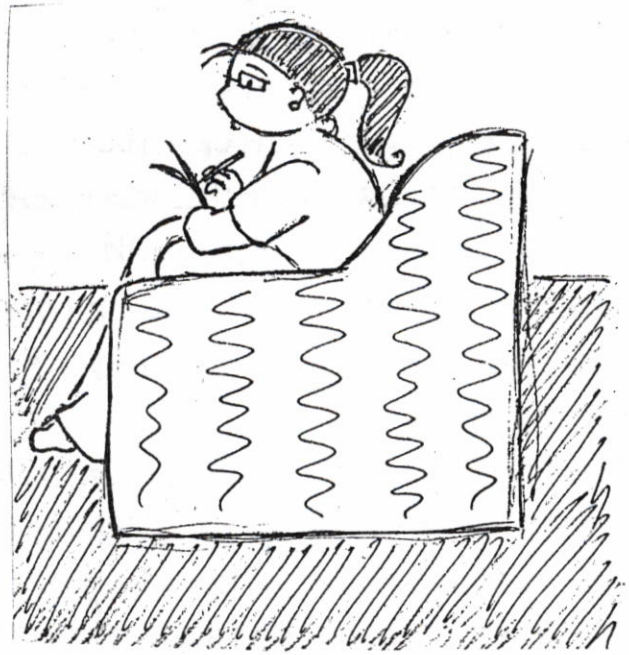
Share your dreams....

Vanessa Hays
ibringdreams@
hotmail.com



# Overnight Shift

iss.#8 vol.#1



selfportrait

8pm November 19th –
8am November 20th

# entré vous.

My name is Vanessa. I'm 24 and I work at a Womyn's Shelter. I got my Women's Studies degree last May. I'm a dyke, but sometimes I like boys. I have a kitten named Edgar. I write poems and take photographs and write zines and draw pictures. I also cook meals and counsel friends. I'm going vegan.

When things are quiet during my overnight shift at the Shelter, I make a zine. It's about the stuff in my head and the things that happen to me. It's personal and political. I suggest listening to PJ Harvey and/or Radiohead while reading this issue.

*heart*

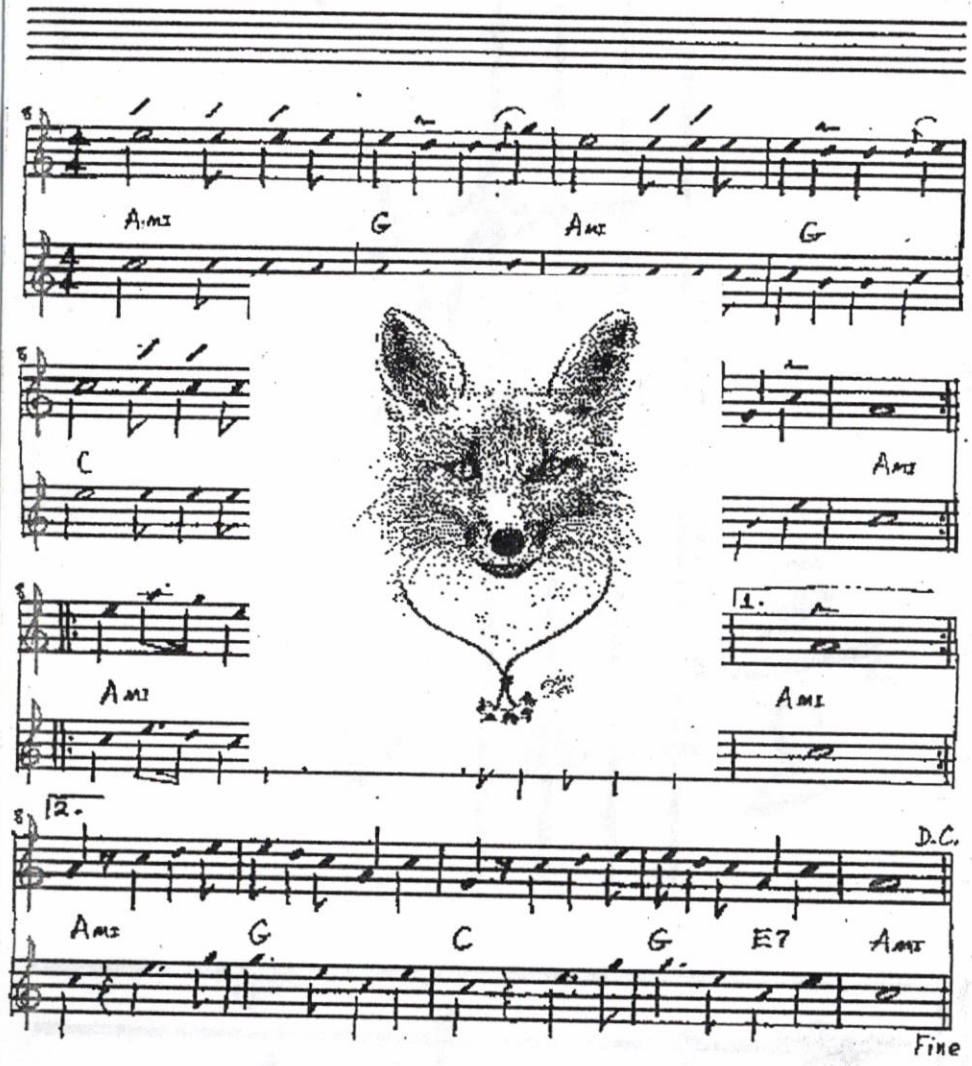
— Vanessa



## The Fox

The fox is a trickster. She decieves to get what she wants, but also to help others and teach valuable lessons. She's tricky to survive. Her words are fast and slick and yet understandable if you listen closely.

# Poco a Poco





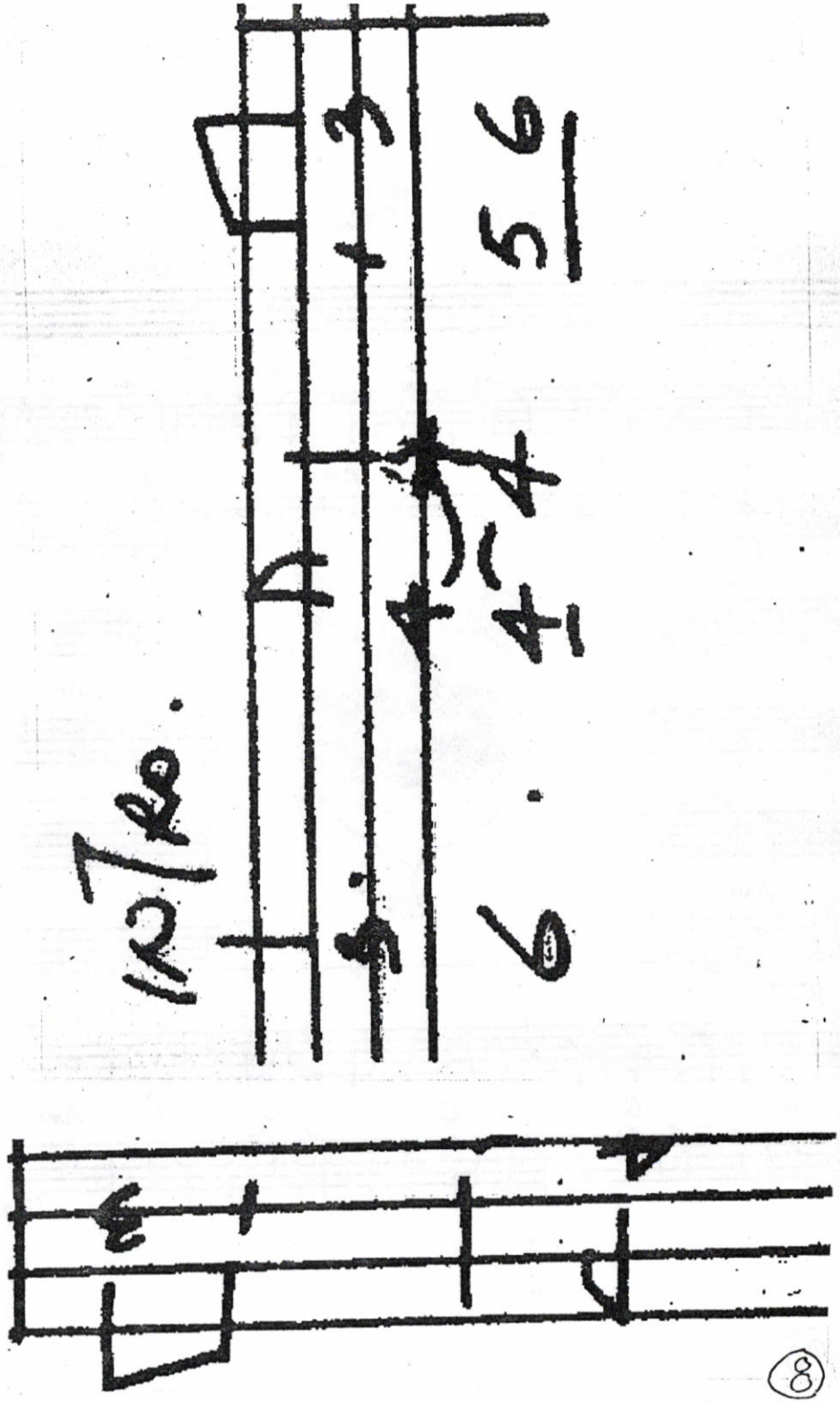

# in the last 2 weeks...

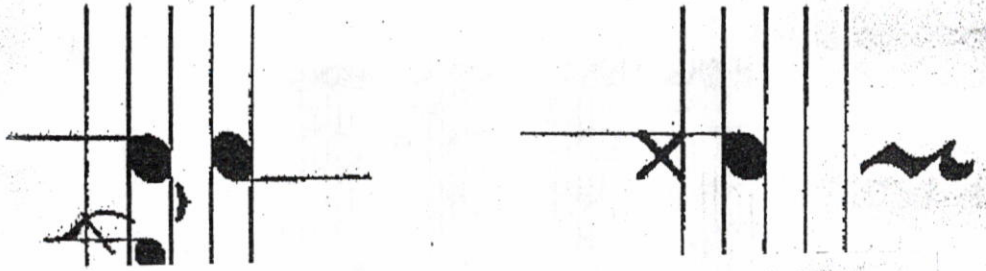
* I went to a birthday party.
* It snowed for the first time this season.
* I went to a pancake feed.
* I got new clothes at a thrift store, including a pair of jeans that fit me really hotly.
* I made legwarmers out of the sleeves of a sweater.
* I learned some sad things about a friend of mine.
* I observed the 10th anniversary of my dad's death.
* I fasted 1 day for Ramadan to show solidarity with the Muslim Student's Association
* I did an anti-thanksgiving day banner drop. My friend dressed up like a Turkey.
* I ate vegan almost every day.
* I caught an awful cold.
* I almost told someone I have a crush on them, but got scared. ♡

# The Songs We Sing to Put Ourselves to Sleep

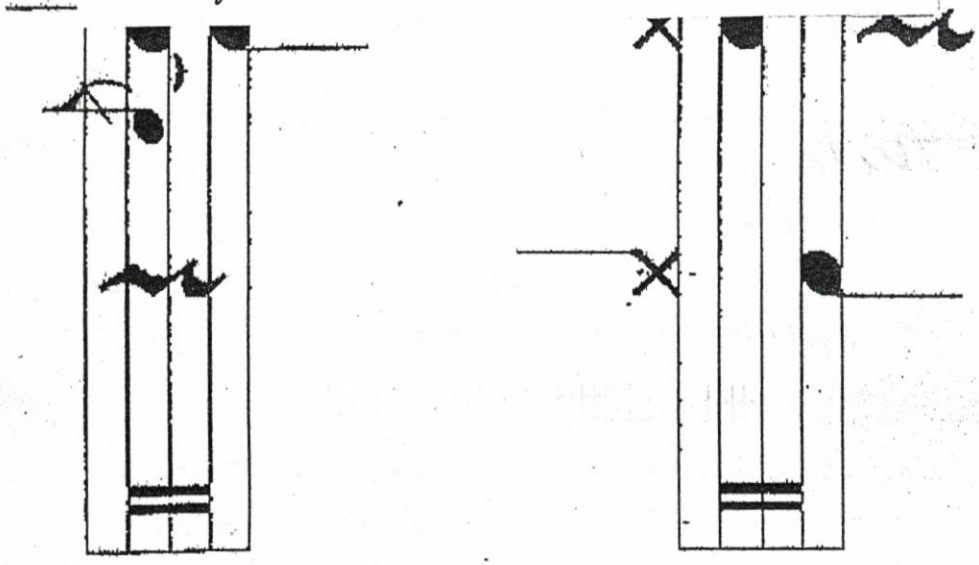
We rarely see the truth about anyone. Even our lovers and best friends can be mysteries. I think I'm pretty observant and intuitive, but sometimes I find out that I just didn't know someone close to me at all. I find out they were lying or hiding the truth from me out of fear or psychosis or a misplaced sense of saving me from harm, and I feel totally betrayed.



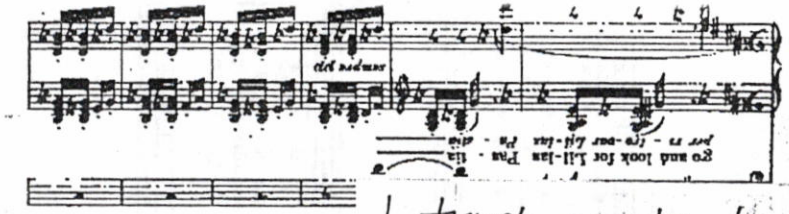




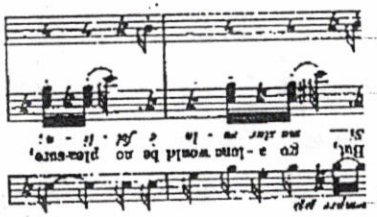
I'm trying to learn to forgive. But I don't want to learn to forget, because that will mean that I didn't learn anything. I'm trying to see and remember the humanity in everyone. I want to be good. ♡

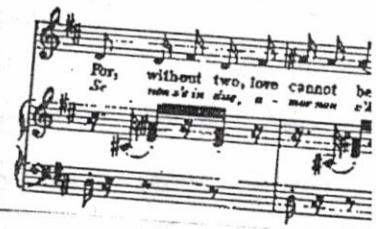


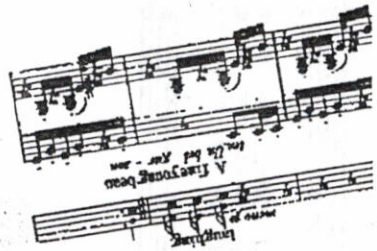


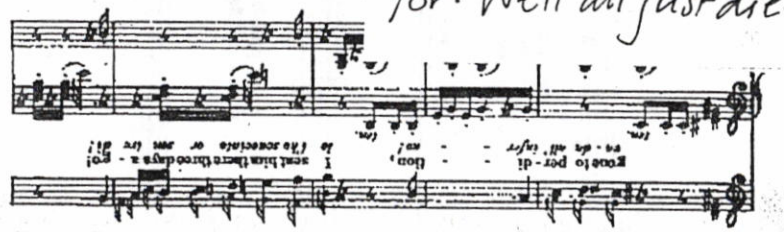


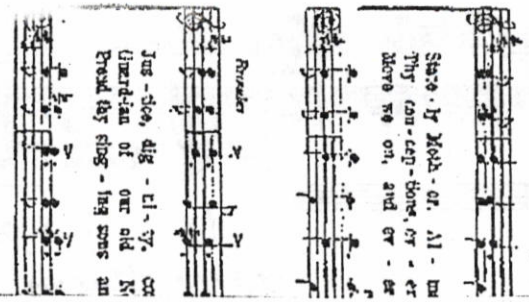
I trust people, I take them at their word, but I also fear that they're lying to me, which I guess sounds as though I don't really trust anyone, but I've been given reasons not to. We all have. We have to overcome all that and learn to love and trust one another or we'll never have this damn revolution everyone's working so hard for. We'll all just die.



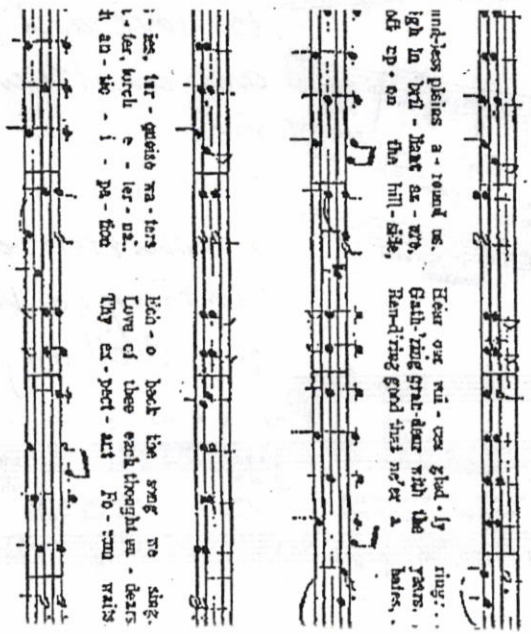




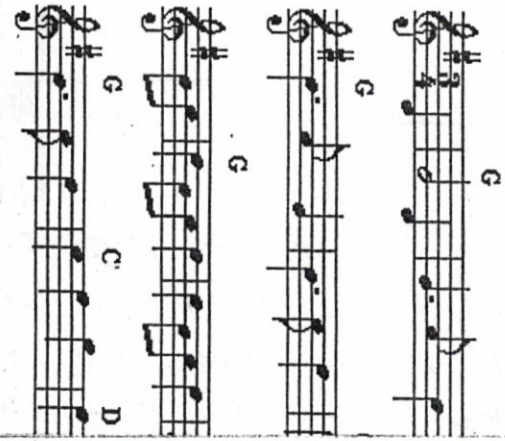





I'm pretty angry about how broken all my friends are, how much they've been hurt by people they trusted and how that effects their friendships with me and their partnerships with other people. I feel like something precious was stolen from all of us and we cannot replace it. And yet I'm also amazed and awed at how loving and caring all of my friends are - how good they all are - and how we take care of one another in the ways we can.

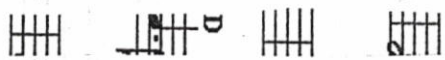





It's really extraordinary that we've all made it this far anyway. There's so much working against us all.

The love we have is a treasure and a curse. It makes life possible but it also makes heartbreak and disappointment a reality. All we




can do is close our eyes and hope for the best, work and sweat and cry, get hurt and learn from it.